

Cleopatra, Salvador Dalí, and the Las Vegas Acid Tab

Note #1: The following is a true story. Only the names have been changed, to protect the guilty (with cheers to Bon Scott).

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Night in the Vegas desert summer of 1984 was swishing with heat and light, mostly in the living room of a second floor super low-rent apartment we'd labeled "Enchanted Ghettos". Location was off East Flamingo and a bit down Swenson, just a big block from UNLV and its Rebel fortress. Today Swenson is called University Center Drive, of course. Hm.

Years later I'd have a couple memorable classes at UNLV, using campus post boards to sell a nutty large CB700 drum set to pay for a book out of UNLV's haunted library that I lost. Book was called *"Breaking Through, Selling Out, Dropping Dead"* by William Bayer. Go read it sometime. Strange, but losing that single UNLV book nearly brought the house down in my pal's Mormon Missionary Training Center, Provo Utah.

This ain't about that, though.

What follows here is a neon Vegas journey with LSD (aka acid, fry, blotter, tabs, Lysergic Acid Diethylamide, etc.) and the luminary dignitary Salvador Dalí...on the Appian Way. Doesn't describe a meeting with Leonardo DiCaprio or his office group, though I've had a couple super-cool experiences with Leo and would sure as hell love to be sitting with a pair of Lelit Bianca V3 espressos at *his* Appian Way, talking making "XXXXXX" or NORTHTOWN...

But away we go:

In summer 1984, while sitting restless in the above-mentioned Enchanted Ghettos domicile, the travel alarm clock was pushing 7PM. At age 18, a month before 19, I had no four-wheeled vehicle but did just purchase an older Univega 10-speed (remember those?) from a whacky guy named Bill, a tall skinny chap who spoke like a senator. The Univega was painted a kinda off-color beige and ruby orange, but the pedals worked.

My plan was to hit the Univega seat at 7PM and ride through sunseting asphalt to the Las Vegas Strip, likely entering Caesars Palace off a major Flamingo intersection. In most of my life Caesars was a top location for many things. I wound-up working the place in the mid-80s, got fired, later returned with the “Above-the-Line” crew from RAIN MAN while totally turning them on to what became the movie’s iconic Cruise/Hoffman location, known partially as “The Emperor Room” (site of the Tom and Dustin dance sequence).

Fun. Now about Swenson near Flamingo...

Around 4:30PM the guy living a few “ghetto” apartments over, Parker (star of *“Har-Magedon Thai Stick”*) came by and asked to borrow the Univega. I didn’t mind, but only if Parker guaranteed his speedy return by 7PM. He swore he’d do it, about three times swearing in fact, so off he went sorta looking a little odd riding a Univega instead of his favored 1981 black Yamaha XJ750RH Seca motorbike (aka *Seka*, of course lifted from a big platinum star of nasty movies at the time—and people thought she was Swedish).

Squeaky-squeaky down the alley behind ghetto place Parker steered the Univega, finally folding inter-dimensionally with the Vegas late afternoon and crispy clouds. Kinda wobbling, too. Hah! Comedic at the time, I reckon.

So, I waited. Remember, this was the 100% non-digital age, no cellular no iPhone no Zuckerberg. As expected 6:15PM came up, no landline Parker call, no nothing. Damn.

Went ahead and got showered and shiny anyway, my hair only a thumbnail long, still not grown back from near bald...but getting there. Then I decided on wardrobe for the night, since I kind of planned to make circulations socially around Caesars (one hoped) and see what I might fish from the sparkly casino river of green, blue, and gold.

For primary attire I chose what was known as a 1983 parachute pants jumpsuit called “SR-71” (check Wikipedia). Not just pants but an entire single cut of jet flyer suit design, wildly made with matte black “ripstop” nylon and light grey zippers. Ever seen a STAR WARS Imperial TIE Fighter pilot? Remove the helmet and it was kinda like that except for fancy and highly visible asymmetric zip swatches.

The pattered buzz of an outside moped bounced off the living room walls. Kinda like a lawnmower. Sure enough it was roommate Vinnie, pulling-in from Swenson to park below in our not really marked space out back. As you might remember Vinnie first appeared in *"The Night of December 1983"*. Right now he was stashing his old-ish Euro moped, a metallic faded green Peugeot model. Vinnie bought a Chevy hot rod that was showing soon...but for now, French moped.

I looked at the travel clock, saw it was actually 7:10PM. And no Parker.

Vinnie came up the stairs and entered the pad, tired from his summer drive even though it was actually a bit less volcanic than most Vegas days. Excellent. I did my greeting and finished getting ready...pulling my pretty Goddamned amazing black leather Italian cycle jacket from the closet (looked like Jim Cameron designed it) and my black 1984 Nike shoes with a brilliant white swoosh. Even today in 2025 I sometimes wonder how the hell I had the money to buy any of those quality clothes, working as a bottom tier non-union bus boy at the MGM Grand (now Bally's) hauling metal industrial tureens of scrambled eggs up a service elevator and hoping they didn't turn cosmic blue-green like bubble gum.

Furthermore, I donned a soon to be holy Greek Fisherman's Cap, leather the color of space for sure, and a belt across my waist that was much like something Rob Halford from Judas Priest wore on stage in those days, being that he was God of early 80s Heavy Metal, and all. Indeed, the belt was a pointy spiky chrome/aluminum thing, waiting for battle. Right on.

We'll talk another day about the time Halford repeatedly dripped his sweat all over and across my face, with me below him.

I was ready to exit. I waited for Parker a bit longer, but finally had enough. So I asked Vinnie if he'd seen Parker skulking at all. Vinnie was eating the hell out of a giant sub sandwich, probably from Villa Pizza, and had a piece of green bell pepper stuck outside his left lip when he said, "Nope. That fucker owes me money, too."

Not wanting drama I asked if I could maybe borrow the ol' Peugeot a few hours. I'd done it before. Vinnie made a "royal" motion with his left hand, said, "Go ahead. Just don't bring the bitch back empty. And if you see Parker, tell him I'm pissed."

I agreed and took a last look in the cracked mirror next to the stove in the feeble kitchen we had. Vinnie watched a second, afterward retrieved his lip bell pepper and said, "Dude, it's kinda hot for the jacket." So I said, "I'll be in Caesars all night." He mildly nodded and replied, "I can relate." Vinnie then dug in his pocket and tossed the Peugeot keys through the air. Which I caught.

Then he says, "Got any bread on you?" At the time I had about \$60 tip money cash, and no idea what to do with it. "Need some?" I asked. He kinda chortled. "Dude, I make thirty bucks an hour. No. But I got a couple tabs for sale, if you want one."

Well, now.

With "tabs" he of course meant acid, aka LSD. And it was rare to find it around right now. By June 1984 I'd only ever partaken acid three times in a year. First with Vinnie, from extraordinary tabs he dragged back from the 1983 US Festival, one of the largest outdoor concerts ever given. Today even with Apple's co-creator Steve Wozniak having financed the damned thing, nobody remembers, for example, that Van Halen played US Fest for a crowd of 375,000 one night...and got what would be \$4.8-mil in 2025 cash. Pretty good for a few hours' work, with Eddie on a Danelectro/Coral electric sitar at least once.

Fact is, the original tabs Vinnie snagged from US Fest were superb, truly the max thrustage possible Timothy Leary level of ultimate awesomeness...cleanness...full-on 20+ hour duration. I surely didn't expect or require Vinnie's *current* LSD to match it, but figured it'd be nicely good, anyway.

"How much?" I say.

"Gonna run you \$15. Good fuckin' fry, though."

Damn. Yes, *of course* I'll grab a tab. I yanked \$15 and put it on the meager kitchen table while Vinnie grabbed a small plastic baggie from his Levi pocket...and the tabs were there, inside. He pulled two, separated, handed one off.

"Enjoy."

The tab was standard blotter loveliness...and it had a mini Miami Dolphins logo, with the dolphin itself smiling like supercilious hell. Hah! Dug that team as a 70s kid, so it was sorta...minty nostalgic.

I thought for a few secs and decided to break a cardinal rule: "You mind if I drop it now?" See, you really shouldn't ever take acid alone. Never never never. Never. At least have someone around. Hard to say what might happen if not, depending how the tab got made. I trusted Vinnie implicitly, because I was Goddamned well aware he knew a lot of top tier peeps in the dope world, people who tended their flocks in a super-quality manner.

And I also knew that by the time the LSD kicked-in I'd be among many life forms, almost certainly well inside Caesars Place, wandering bars, card tables, and the always kick-ass international consumer multi-culture audience that came to the place.

Vinnie looked my way, stoic: "Go ahead. You know what you're doin'."

He was right about that, for sure. So *in* the acid tab plops, under my tongue. I said farewell and headed out the door, skipping down the crumbly-assed stairs to the Peugeot. As I said I'd ridden the wheels quite a few times before, so it was no big deal to correct the minor fuel line issue by turning an old nut on a tiny feeder. Just watch for petrol.

Tiktiktiktik...off I pattered to Swenson, and then west up Flamingo, sunset flaming my face.

The tab had dissolved under tongue but I of course felt zero at the moment. Flamingo, being a major Vegas road, filled with cars and trucks all over. Cabs, too. All I had to do was sail the moped up the lanes about a mile, hiding off to the right much as possible. Moped helmets weren't a thing in those days, so of course I only had the Greek Fisherman's Cap.

I collected not one but three cat calls en route, two from really nice rides and well before I got to the Las Vegas Strip. Somehow I had to wonder, even then, if such silly calls were reality or comedy...given the bike was a moped, and green, and a putt-putt...with a guy in black leather stuff and a SR-71 parachute suit.

Hey, I was 18. Who the hell knows.

It was now the precipice of night, almost dark and wonderful. I circled off The Strip and into the Caesars Palace parking approach, very different then from now. Instead of free mass parking I chose a tall lamp just a bit off the Caesars automobile lanes and behind a hedge. Once locked up, off I went.

In my first step beyond the hedges—which were almost like a tiny Kubrick build from THE SHINING—there stood a tall and large shrine. I walked over and was rightly impressed. Elaborate Asian monument with a four-sided face being, sitting lotus. Saw the name, *“The Shrine of the Four-Faced Brahma”* with sub-name *“Phra Phrom Replica, Installed February 5, 1984”*. Hm.

The Four-Faced Brahma was really something to see. Frightening yet amazing. Gorgeous but ominous. Frozen frame of an active deity, fully stopped. Lots to see in the smooth artwork arms, faces, body. Being completely outside and exposed, I put my head down a little and took a look up: summer stars poured in the sky behind the spire.

Nearby was another historical spot, an Asian prayer/worship area with a red-padded white marble bench, bordered by ivory and yellow sands in various planters, much of it covered incredibly with all sorts of colored burning incense. Some sticks were bright red like earth, the length of a yardstick. Other stems were regular sized and in-between, placed all over. As a big fan of evolved incense from age 15, it was a fabulous little smoky forest here, visually cool and tasty to the half “Old Country” Armenian nose...

And my half-Brit/Irish genetics started to notice a deeply surreal cup of tea about the Brahma. Sense of grandeur and observation from another realm, secrets told and shown from the shrine, hidden.

About then I realized the LSD was making its step to a new dimension. I decided there was maybe 40 minutes till it really went wild, so I headed right into Caesars...and magnificent casino air conditioning, almost always 69°F (20°C), sweet on the skin like ice off a deck in the Caspian Sea (never been there, but it sounds good).

Yeah, the acid was ramping quite nicely, and was highly noticeable in the blazing color saturation of all things made. Not blurry blobs, but more like incredibly coherent laser-ish lights, everywhere. All shades hugely magnified. It was something.

I decided on a water drink, to keep the hydration. But I wanted a little booze to go with, maybe just a shot. Hm. I stopped at the first energetic Caesars bar, off from the sports book, did a single “neat” belt of Scotch, no idea which, and a highball glass of icy water no ice. The Scotch was delicious, made randomly transparent and covered in lunar stories by the LSD.

I could taste some faraway mountains, peatlands below. Shafty rays of sun on foothills. Shadow and mystery. Hell of a Scotch.

Finished the shot. Keeping the water highball handy, I walked along. Caesars was near Standing Room Only tonight, so many people from so many places. Well-dressed like crazy, a few not. Imagine club attire and business pro. Imagine...bodies, bodies, bodies...

The internal lights in and around Caesars were always top notch in theme and function. Not about just illuminating stuff with that lot. Genuine concern for making all things dreamy and thrilling.

As I segued from the 2nd gambling spaces I was quickly body squeezed into the big hallway leading to the legendary main casino. Lights were currently dim and painterly...and the spectacular Cleopatra's Barge was thundering the universe with a killer-cool live all Black band covering Lionel Richie's colossus "All Night Long". Definitely using faster "Presto" than Richie had in mind. Wow.

As I entered the hallowed Cleo hall, filled with Homo sapiens like sardine cans in the Milky Way, the incredible design of Cleopatra's Barge was sprayed with all the enhancement and trumpeting the LSD could facilitate. Giant, ancient Egyptian boat, painted phenomenal earthen and mica pigment tones. Remarkable theatrical/cinematic design with Dean Cundey accents and pulsing xenon. Barge looked absolutely real, literally rocking slowly side to side, keeping numerous oars in the water and its incredible tilted striped mast moving.

The barge seemed to limit passengers to 30 patron disco dancers, plus the nightly live band near the head. It was full. And the barge was in a water harbor of its own, ringed by Egyptian columns and having borders filled mysteriously with cocktail tables and seats luminous in blue-white and scattered with a lot of interesting secretive people looking a little like Broadway performers on drink breaks.

Still in the hall, I broke right and walked down to the barge's port side, planted elbows on the rail above the water and...let the LSD start its merry-go-round.

Cleopatra's Barge was grownup Disneyland. The adult *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Quite adult really, considering the venerable Cleo, figurehead on her own barge, somehow forgot her tube top...in the middle of a fully public hall.

With acid getting stronger by the click, I was scoping the barge area as if in a 70mm movie, curving and Dutching slightly, incredible contrast and resonance from colors, woods, plastics...

And the band. Wow. About five in the group crowded near the bow, one dude wailing Lionel Richie on a Roland MKB-1000 MIDI keyboard, digging his realm like a kingdom. For some odd reason he did a crash cut directly my direction. Seems odd to this day, but I pointed right at the cat with one of those "Hey, man!" transmissions. Hah! He bounce-nodded and smiled, sending a pointy transmission my way too, keeping his Roland keys in order for maybe a chronological full second.

Must say, the dolphin-smiling LSD was really brewing now while the sound of the rad band followed a compass, tables everywhere almost blanketed or focused in a sweet envelope of necropolis-style lounge architecture and reduced light design, from good to evil.

Damn, I loved the band! But I felt it was time to move. Lot more to see at Caesars, for sure. Off I went via Nike, headed for the beloved main casino. In a few seconds I noticed, both from the reactions of others and my own jaw strain, that I had a dumbassed smile stuck on my face. Like bordering a maniac laugh.

Good fry, indeed. Mm hm.

I rounded the hall corner just outside the main casino and stopped to give a look. Far out. A part of Caesars Palace that even in the old days held global charisma.

Featured in untold movies, TV shows, magazine spreads...name it. Caesars Palace. Classic look of circling Roman lights, a shallow dome, endless tables of human habitation and species movement. Eyes everywhere, above and below, glass peekers and jelly-like vitreous humor included.

Of course the LSD made its own damned decision to roll-in a Titan Crane with Chapman/Leonard driving module, done for my complete solo enjoyment. Not for real of course, but it sure as hell felt like it. Titan was one of those large machines from motion entertainment where you and a crew member sat in two seats on the top of the crane poles, getting spiritual camera glides above and around all action. You've seen it forever.

And moving like a ghost on acid around and between all the gambling stuff on a Titan crane was taking me to a visitation with near alien beings, each of whom I could see through, in a good way, as they enjoyed stashing their many stories brought to Caesars from every part of the world. And drinking, of course. And smoking. And, you know...gambling.

The big fuckin' smile on my face was kinda lookin' ridiculous by now, since I caught it twice on a pole reflection. Damn. I saw at least one Pit Boss checking things over, wondering what the hell I was doing right now at the end of an active craps table, stealing room. I noticed more looking me over. Hm. Imagination?

Oops: through the LSD, I hadn't really absorbed or recalled that I wore a Euro-style black leather biker jacket, a black leather Greek Fisherman's cap, a black leather "spiked and furious" heavy metal belt around a black-matte SR-71 pilot jumpsuit with big ol' grey zippers all over...and of course, black Nike with the snow swooshes. Maybe it wasn't just the stupid smile getting attention. Hm.

I was pleased at this point that major hallucinations weren't happening. Cool. Usually not an issue for me, but it def happened one time before, on garbage fry cut by strychnine. Of all things.

Be careful out there.

Anyway, this entire particular dolphin acid coast stuff that Vinnie got from God-knows-where was rather a highly enhanced emotional seed, perfectly well done. Plus the mentioned Dean Cundey effect on every Got-damned light, everywhere. Whee!

I noticed right then a tall blonde 29-ish female at the center-end of the craps table. Somehow, I never saw her tower at all before now, and I'm 6' (1.8m), even higher with weird shoes.

Her personal roll of the craps dice came up and she did quite well. Classic. Did I mention she clearly came from a huge fashion mag somewhere, with a lightning white cocktail dress poked all over with rainbow sequins that looked almost like a tasty donut round Xmas time...? Hm.

Chanel? It's always Chanel, right? And she looked a lot like Cate Blanchett when Cate did Galadriel for Peter Jackson. Oh, my. But minus the glow and hair blowing. And of course...well...yes.

The woman was looking at something just then. Guess it was me. And here I was, holding a half-assed highball of mere water. Maybe she thought it was vodka? She gingerly reached to her many casino chips sitting in the canal edge of the table...and handed me a green \$25. Understand that in 1984 a US\$25 chip was like \$80 in 2025. Far out.

I wasn't sure what to do...and it was kinda obvious. She smiled, of course like Cate, and made a cool gossamer motion with her right hand. Which kinda said to me, "Put chip on table; roll dice." Hah! Of course she didn't *say* that. It came via blotter.

So I did it. Chip on table. Come line. Positive play, not negative. We smiled at each other and my knees felt kinda pudding-like for a sec. Since I was standing right there, looked as if I'd get to toss dice next. After a lot of winnings the blonde finally rolled 7 and collapsed the game. It happens.

My turn. I put the singular green chip on the table. Everybody watched everything I did, and closely. Normal in a craps game, though. Mostly. The middle dealer rolled the dice my way. Yes, indeed.

I picked up the two die with one hand, moved them into a boxcars (double six) configuration. There were a couple sloppy grumbles from the rest of the players, because the number 12 was of course deadly craps...and everyone would lose if I rolled it. Even me. My sponsor seemed suspicious, too. Through her insanely iridescent sequins.

I patted the dice twice on the felt and tossed the bastards down the table. Bang! They hit the back wall, flopped forward...

Yo Eleven!

People cheered, and the Cate blonde was most impressed. I'd merely made another \$25 chip for myself, but everyone else was doubled, too. When the dice came back to me I tapped them on the felt and put up both hands, then motioned to the old guy on my right: give the dice to him.

I picked-up the two \$25 greens and placed them lightly into the Cate sideways chip stack. I bowed to her a little, like some guy in a pub, then nodded and walked away. Still smiling like a foole.

About 10 steps off it occurred to me that she and I never exchanged a single word.

And I never saw her again.

I left the main casino, now peaking on glorious LSD. For those unaware, "peaking" is the ultimate altitude on whichever Tim Leary flight you mighta taken. And yes, this tab was bliss. A feeling built upon walking ancient ruins, in ancient days. Hyper-real; layer cakes of myth and legend.

I knew where I was going now, as I headed for a set of Italian marble stairs, the entrance to Appian Way. Not unlike walking up three steps or so, to ambience born of memory and Octavian comet.

Appian Way was an extremely well designed high-end Caesars mini-mall, with rocky marble everything and all of it shining from constant care. A market of elite stores, a place where those of fame and financial fortune visited often and bought anything they desired...of course at a multi-merchant's profit margin that seemed like the distance to Pluto.

And what many seem to always remember about Caesars Palace is the nude Michelangelo "David" perfect replica in the dead center of Appian. The Dude David must've been double the size of a normal human, and he was oddly short of a Speedo. I walked by David, probably for the 15th time in the last few years, and did a 360° around him. More than two times, thanks to Lysergic Acid Diethylamide. Felt like entering some sort of temple, observing this mighty statue spinning, the Michelangelo artistic excellence and genius carving as if found on an alien moon. Each turn produced a crossing of the statue in front of a small overhead spotlight or two, opening and closing the replica in light and dark.

This caused an unnamed division of the brain to knock on unseen doors and remind me about the commercial art gallery right at the end of Appian Way. Or beginning, depending on your shoes. Yes, with all 12 cylinders of neurological engine cranking it was time for some wonderfully fine artwork to fall under examination and blotter study.

I walked down the hall, that ridiculous smile remaining mounted and the half-full highball still in hand. Into the strangely lit passage I went, emerging at the front of the art gallery to the right.

Know what? Can't remember the name of the place. Sounds...moronic, especially since it was hardly the first and only time I'd been there.

Anyway, into the shoppe I step, immediately lost in a brilliantly overflowing garden of fantastic artwork, new items from the same year on the calendar (1984) and some of 'em cruising backward to the 60s and later. The gallery was top to bottom with incredible entries, all displayed gallery style. And the ceiling was easily 18' tall (5.4m). Quite a room.

A forest of surreal and splendid things, positioned in so many colors it was kinda kaleidoscope without thinking: many slices by Joan Miró (a favorite since age 10), a few delightful Yaacov Agam sculptures and prints (like Einstein calculations translated to mega-caliber pop-art)...

Plus a major assembly of Salvador Dalí. Probably dozens, from lithographs to seris to metal works and even originals. Dalí ruled the place. Dug it.

Being well into the acid peak, the Dalí goods were a chief focus. I took a second to examine the gallery section I could see, discovering not a single person in there...apart from a sales rep sitting at an office desk, to the right, slightly obscured from view (likely with the idea of getting customers inside without them feeling assaulted for cash).

The saleswoman was dressed impeccably in a Donna Karan business cut, deeply Navy blue and topped with a necklace of tiny shimmering pearls in a double loop. She looked way professional, and her makeup was so precise it looked non-existent. Stylish approach.

I guessed her age as 26-ish. Possibly Italian. Her hair was jet black and flawlessly straight, hanging just below her shoulders. Her jewelry was a bit on the large side, gold rings and bracelets with either diamonds or zirconia. That kinda stuff is often over-the-top, but in her case it was large but not at all like some kooky-looking attention baubles.

She rapidly ran something on a calculator, a large one for 1984, and scanned a document having lots of lines and numbers. She looked up and saw me, broke into a large smile. She stood, probably about 5'7" (1.6m?) and I finally caught sight of her shoes which looked to be a Maud Frizon '84 pair from the French catalogue, something I'd seen before in a certain person's closet across town. Hm.

"How are you?" she said, with radiant teeth and eyes. I still had the smile and told her I was just stopping to have a look. She told me to come in and take my time. Enjoy the collection. So, I did. First thing I dissected on the left was the aforementioned group of maybe seven Joan Miró. I'd been familiar with Miró since my days at the North Las Vegas Library in the 70s, usually in a 117°F summer (47.2°C). Miró is and was a true tactical magician. So many fun, crazy, cool scenes.

I noticed also the Dalí spreads on the wall adjacent, prints from top to bottom. So I turned and walked that way, idiotically bumping a Dalí sculpture I'd somehow missed. Fortunately it was okay, and I noticed the name "*La Noblesse du Temps*" (*Nobility of Time*) printed on the base. The LSD pumped strong as I kinda fell into the wavy timepiece rendition, having a quick conversation with one of Dalí's maudlin seraphs, in gold wings. The timepiece hung in a tree, with roots spreading like chocolate around the base. That timepiece, though...

Next to me was a display that even today I can't explain: a Dalí tarot card, Death. Supposedly his tarot series hadn't been carried anywhere but Spain by mid-1984, and was originally designed for film producer Albert Broccoli on James Bond's LIVE AND LET DIE...but it never happened. How the card got into the Caesars gallery is a mystery. And Dalí did it Gothically, a broken-tooth skull on a linear plane with a red rose on the right.

I finally saw that I was staring frozen and fixated at the damned Dalí card, bewitched by blotter.

So I snapped to, walked back a bit and caught the Frizon lady looking me over studiously...and smiling. Apparently my trip into Dalí World had amused her. Me too, I reckon. I smiled back and turned to the Miró works. Damn. Such phenomenal detail and form. But one seemed a bit odd to me, in a great way. The image sort of looked like something falling from the sky, making a huge splash somewhere or nowhere. It was super abstract, as the best Miró always is...but there was something...yes, something...

Click click behind me as Mam'zelle Frizon approaches, her smile like melty mirrored butter on a scone. "You like Miró, I see." I smiled. "Yeah. For a long time, but I don't know much about him."

"He was Catalan, you know." I nodded my head, not knowing "Catalan" but pretending to. However, I did have to ask her about the falling from the sky thing: "What's the title on this?"

She smiled huge. "Oh, this is *'The Monster from Outer Space'*. It's really fun."

Well. Cool name. Unexpected, but...

"Want me to take care of your drink? You don't have to carry it around." I nodded and was happy to finally get the water away. "Thanks," I said, handing her the highball. She turned around and walked it to her desk, when coincidentally the white phone there rang. She took the call and I made way to the Dalí stash. Just two steps, you know.

When a single-digit kid I always loved the nature of Dalí's work, most of it found in odd places. On acid his worlds seemed cleanly navigable, both mentally and emotionally. There was a truth that was seen now and many years before, as if Dalí made statements, pontifications, warnings...

In a mere second I was lost on expansive plains with bizarre horses, more wavy clocks, Don Quixote-looking figures, strange conversations happening between wiry odd beings near a line-value vanishing point. And other stuff. It was amazing.

Buried in the Dalí print nest were a few duplicates, all serigraphs and one of them the iconic “*Persistence of Memory 1931*” which was often used in every city and town as a Dalí sample of totally surreality. Right now I couldn’t take the LSD away from Persistence. Seeing it was like stepping physically back and forth from North Las Vegas to here, and across the decades to 1931 itself. Rules were spoken by the work, things awaiting discovery and understanding. Humor lightly wrapped in light. Sanctus...

Of course Dalí once said about himself, “I don’t do drugs. I *am* drugs.” Possibly when he made “*Lady Godiva Entering the Paranoid Village*”— which was also sitting right there, in another blistering seri. The woman hung-up the gallery phone and returned to my staring at the Dalí stuff way way up the wall. Her meticulous smile and sugary voice said, “You’re looking at Dalí a lot. Do you collect?”

What could I say? I had enough money back then to maybe buy a bubble gum wrapper...and the Dalí goods started about US\$5K (\$16K in 2025 bread)...except for the three originals, the first of which would run a person \$55K in 2025.

What to say?

“I been thinkin’ about it.” She nodded and looked to the piece I’d mostly examined, which, in 2025, I can’t remember. Dumb, I know. I remember spindly-legged elephants, and that’s it. Hm.

She looked at me and said, “Let me get a ladder, and show you.”

She gently walked away, making sure to brush me first, it seemed. I stood for a second, still peaking. I turned to my left and examined a bit more of the gallery layout. I saw a darker area in the back, shaded pictures all over. And then I spotted what I knew to be some kind of Chagall, an artist I did and do love dearly. I walked over and looked up.

Well. I’d seen a few Chagall in Vegas casino outfits, but never this one: Pegasus, sun, clouds, angel...lots of cheerful-ish symbols, hinted crowds, city buildings. I couldn’t tell if the piece were original or seri/litho. Partly from poor light, very weird for a Chagall horizontal lovely like that.

Carrying a small aluminum ladder the woman returned and extended it. She saw me consider the Chagall and lightly walked over. “You like Chagall?” “Very much,” I said.

“That one’s called *Orphée 1969* and it was just sold last night.” Well, now. Probably why it’s all the way back here.

She then reached out and slowly grabbed my right hand. “Let’s look at Dalí.”

I found her manner pretty intoxicating, especially on gourmet LSD. Like watching theatre, I let her lead me to the ladder. She positioned my body exactly next to the aluminum, and then she climbed.

About two steps up her hands found my shoulders. Both of them. She stood there beaming right into my eyes, began pressing both my shoulders like you’d expect from an excellent massage therapist. This went on maybe five full seconds, then she made a little verbal contact the way one would use sound when eating soup: “Mmmm...”

I wasn’t clear what to do, but I still had the stupid smile. So she says in a drippy way, “Real leather. So good. You’re very strong, too...”

I kind of chuckled: “A little.” Then she transnetincally grabbed my face, with her right hand. Her fingers slithered around on my cheek and chin like checking silk in a boudoir. “Very strong for sure,” she said.

About now, and especially on acid, I was feeling...manipulated. Hate to use the word, but it seemed really remote that I’d have a genuine effect like that from a person I never saw or knew until what...five minutes ago? C’mon. Still it was like some syrupy Fruity Pebbles, I guess. So I decided to not protest or complain. I mean, why should I?

She continued up the ladder about then, grabbing the framed Dalí piece right off the wall. Strong, indeed. She turned it over and examined the provenance, but I’ll be damned if I can remember a thing. Maybe due to, you know, a silly increase in blood pressure and a teeny veil of sweat. The price of the print I do remember: four-million bubble gum wrappers, or somesuch.

I enjoyed not only the situation but the LSD’s scintillating additions to her every move...but I couldn’t get into it. Something felt off, in both directions.

I helped her down from the ladder, after she put the Dalí back. She pulled me closer, wrapped her arms under my biker jacket and across the Rob Halford belt.

“Call me later tonight.” Uh oh. Here it is.

Reckon I have no need to explain what she was up to, but I very politely refused and said I had to get back across town. As I returned to Appian Way I gave her a nice wave, which she sent back. And I was obviously well aware of her actual occupation.

None of my business, man. I never said a word to anyone about it. Ever. And I never saw her again.

I felt LSD peakage fading a little, but it was def still there. So I did a quick stroll through Caesars and back to the Peugeot, standing there under a night sky, wondering what to do. See, I was incrementally coming off the acid, but still frying nicely. Should I drive all the way east through corridor Flamingo and back to cinder block and drywall...?

I decided to try. At the moment I felt completely coordinated, alert, together. So I unchained the Peugeot, fired it up and took off. I got down the Caesars Palace driveway, and all was well. Completely conquered the driving, even better than normal sober mode.

On the brief Las Vegas Strip cut, I moved to the turn lane heading left down Flamingo. While stopped at the light three guys about my age pulled-up in a pretty cool pro-painted '74 Impala. Had to guess they did work on the motor block. The guy driving looked over and his pals followed. They all laughed. “Hey, man, what happened to your Harley?!” I thought it was pretty funny myself so I said, “Bet it on blackjack; wound up with this!”

Turn-light changed and off I went. I passed the MGM (now Bally's). Flamingo then got a little darker, way beyond 2025 levels. As I did the brief mile I didn't hit a single light. Breeze blowing over the stunted windshield was exquisite.

Keeping eyes wide on the Flamingo path was kind of like remembering a dream. Acid rolled the landscape through optic nerves like a super hi-res zoetrope. Felt a little like flying. Through space.

I slipped to a local gas station and spent virtually nothing to fill the moped. Afterward I got back to the ghetto and saw my Univega chained to the rail upstairs. Cool, Parker. Thanks.

Back in the apartment I didn't see Vinnie. The place felt like a funhouse sorta, kinda oddly off angle and hiding stories in the cupboards. Since I was alone I decided to slip a pleasure from my own file cabinet, a 45 album (remember those?) which came from—wait for it—The Go-Go's. Yes, being caught with Go-Go's spinning on the secret 45 RPM would make me look right perfumy in this flat where hard metal and beer was the only thing, ever. Which I of course loved...but man I dug The Go-Go's...since '81, even.

Especially Jane Wiedlin. She was cool as six-tone Paisley and butterscotch.

So I throw the 45 on our cheap brown record player, which came from The Go-Go's album "Talk Show". Side A was *Head Over Heels*...so on it went.

To this day the song always reminds me of the Dalí salesperson, and Cleopatra hanging from the barge, and Cate the craps player, and David...

Cleo, by the way, was Macedonian, not Egyptian. Of course like a lot of things largely driven by pride and politics, other theories exist.

Note #2: Don't Goddamned drive on acid. Or anything else. Not only would I never do that again, I don't wanna be on Graham Norton someday trying to explain why the hell people keep running through corn fields in a Ferrari, or whatever. Note #3: Cleo's boat is long gone. Sad. And the Miró piece I was told had the title "The Monster from Outer Space" is actually Litografia "Original IV" from 1975. Too bad, 'cause the "Monster" title is pretty cool.

End.